THE
HISTORY OF HEN
the Fourth.

Enter the King, Lord *John of Lancaſter*
of *Weſtmerland*, with others

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with car
Finde we a time for frighted peace t
And breath ſhort-winded accents of
To be commenc't in ſtronds a farre re
No more the thirſty entrance of this so
Shall dawbe his lips with her own childrens blo
No more ſhall trenching Warre chanell her fiel
Nor bruiſe her flowers with the armed hooſes
Of hoſtile paſes: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heaven,
All one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloſe of civill butchery,
Shall now in naturall wel-beſeeming rankes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe Souldiers now, under whoſe bleſſed Cr
We are impreſſed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we levie,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers w
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in thoſe holy fields,
Over whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feete,